

Hot as Ice

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Category: Naruto

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Naruto U., Sasuke U.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 14:02:01

Updated: 2016-04-11 14:02:01

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:53:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,221

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Naruto likes to compare the people he knows to nature's elements. It took some time to find Sasuke's element, though.

Drabble; mixed pov, though mostly Naruto's; early days of Team 7; friendship, maybe pre-slash if you squint

Hot as Ice

\*\*Author's note: This is some kind of drabble that I wrote years ago and that I uncovered from the depths of my computer when I was looking through my stories. I edited it, but still have no clue what on earth I was thinking when I wrote this LMAO\*\*

\*\*Warnings: Naruto's pov; mixed pov at the end; set during their days together as Team 7, so they are around twelve, thirteen years old; friendship, maybe pre-slash if you squint \*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own Naruto. Kishimoto owns it.\*\*

\*\*I hope you'll like this odd drabble.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hot as Ice<strong>

Uchiha Sasuke was like ice.

To that conclusion Naruto had come after studying the boy intently for a few months.

Naruto had always liked to compare people to nature elements. The Third Hokage was like the earth: old but steady and you could always count on him. Iruka was like the earth too, except he wasn't that old. Though in the blond boy's opinion, he could use some loosening up.

Their sensei, Kakashi, was more like the wind. Naruto had figured that one out after a month. It had been hard to find an element for their sensei. He was so elusive and mysterious, even though it was quite annoying that he was always so late (didn't he own a clock?). But to Naruto, he seemed like the wind: he could be just as annoying at times, but mostly he was welcomed and was needed, as shown during some missions. If Kakashi-sensei hadn't been there for some missions, Naruto doubted they would have managed to pull them off.

Sakura-chan was like fire to him. She could be as warm as fire, but also just as violent. Naruto winced when he remembered some of the punches she had given him because he had either been acting stupid according to her or he had been fighting with Sasuke (the bastard deserved every punch he got).

Her beautiful emerald green eyes shone at times with fierce determination when they had received a mission to protect someone and even her hair resembled the fire a bit. Yes, fire suited her just perfectly.

Now, after a few months of being in the same team, Naruto had finally concluded that Sasuke was exactly like ice. He had always known the older Uchiha boy had a very cold personality. What better element would fit the dark haired boy than ice?

Unlike Naruto, who thrived on attention and did everything he could to seek it out, the Uchiha heir seemed content to stay out of the spotlights as much as possible. He ignored the affection he got from various girls and merely grunted at the praise he received from the adults. It seemed his mind was fixated only on training and the rest was merely a nuisance he had to deal with.

Naruto didn't understand him at all. Not even after sharing the same team with the other boy for a few months now already. He was so closed off that the blond had wondered more than once what exactly was going through Sasuke's mind. If he had been in Sasuke's shoes, he would have loved all the attention he got. He got attention by merely existing already! He didn't have to fight for it like Naruto had to do; he didn't act out as much as he had done before, since he started to finally get some recognition from other people like Iruka-sensei and even Kakashi-sensei, but still. He really couldn't understand why his teammate was so opposed to receiving attention. There had to be something wrong with him.

Thus, after seeing how Sasuke mercilessly denied every girl's confession and barely acknowledged other adults, let alone their peers, the Jinchuriki decided that ice was the best element to describe Sasuke. He was just as cold and hard and even sharp at times like a piece of ice that had broken off.

But like ice, eventually he even had to melt just a bit. It was inevitable, really.

Naruto was determined to become Sasuke's best friend and even acknowledged by him as his only real rival. Even if he had to train for years, there would come a day where Sasuke finally had to acknowledge they were equals.

"Dobe, don't just space out like that," Sasuke snapped and thumped his head.

He glowered at the other boy and rubbed his head; his mouth turning into a pout. It might not hurt as much as Sakura's sometimes did, but it was still annoying.

They had just entered the village again after their latest mission (consisting of cutting down some wood for an old couple) and Kakashi-sensei and Sakura-chan had gone on already, not even stopping once to see what he was doing. They never really bothered with him after their mission of the day was finished.

Only Sasuke had waited for him. Granted, he looked annoyed, but he did wait for him.

A grin spread out over his tanned face, making his whisker like markings stand out even more.

Black eyes eyed him warily. "What?"

"I'm hungry," Naruto announced and clasped his hands together behind his back, cocking his head to the right.

Sasuke snorted and began walking again, not turning around to check if the blond was following him. "So? You're always hungry. Your stomach is like a black hole," he sneered.

"Treat me to ramen," Naruto demanded and hurried a bit, so that he could walk next to the Uchiha. Sasuke might be willing to wait for him after missions, but his patience dwindled rapidly.

"Why would I do that? I hate ramen." Sasuke wrinkled his nose and shuddered inwardly at the thought of that disgusting food. Honestly, what was so delicious about that crap that the idiot gobbled it down every day?

"Because otherwise I keep nagging you until you come with me," Naruto stated nonchalantly and his ocean blue eyes glittered mischievously.

Sasuke rolled his eyes. "One bowl; the rest will be paid by you. I'm not going to waste my money on more bowls," he said through gritted teeth, annoyed at himself that he had once again giving in. But then again, who could honestly stand a nagging Naruto? He was worse than an overbearing mother if he wanted to be.

"One bowl? You stingy bastard!" Naruto protested, waving his arms around madly to punctuate his indignation.

Sasuke ignored him, even when Naruto continued to try and convince him to treat him to more bowls.

But when they finally left the ramen stand, Sasuke had paid for his three bowls with just one glare aimed at him and a threat to keep his mouth shut.

\* \* \*

><p>Naruto smiled when he climbed in his bed that evening.</p>

Yes, just like ice, Sasuke would start to melt one day. And Naruto

would be there when it happened. He wouldn't have it any other way.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN2: \*nods decisively\* Yep, still no clue what I was thinking, sorry.<strong>

\*\*Please leave your thoughts behind in a review; should you spot any mistakes, please point them out to me.\*\*

\*\*Cuddles\*\*

\*\*Melissa\*\*

\*\*P.S. For more information about my upcoming and posted stories, please visit my profile.\*\*

End  
file.